

STRANGE
SUSPENSE STORIES

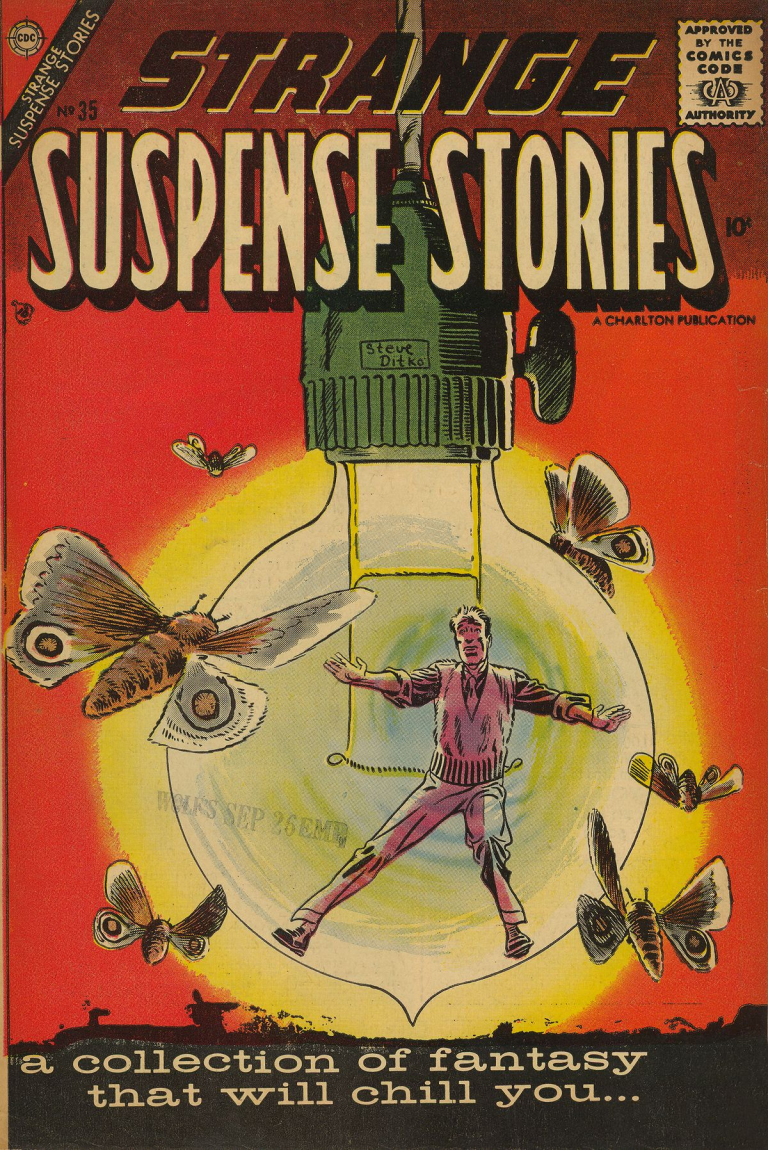
No 35

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

10¢

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION



WEEKS SEP 26 ENT

a collection of fantasy
that will chill you...



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Hi there, Pal! Win Some of these **100 Silver Anniversary Prizes!**

I just won **\$100.** and this 15" tall Silver Trophy
I just won this **\$1,000,000** Body and a Gold Medal!

You Can Win All These
just as I did
in **10**
MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!

Yest You still
can win \$100
and other 25th
Anniversary Prizes,
if you MAIL coupon
below NOW. Your suc-
cess can soon be like
mine. A few weeks ago
I was a skinny weakling
like you. I had no guts to
fight for my rights. TODAY
everyone admires my champ
movie-star build. My mighty
ARMS. My heroic **CHEST.** My
wide manly **SHOULDERS.** My
POPULARITY with boys. The
way **GIRLS** go for me—once
so girlishly. My new pow-
er in **SPORTS.** My new
quickness in **STUDIES.** My
double-energy at work.

There's that
skinny scarecrow
JOHN. Lee's
pass him by!



John Sill
NOW



JOHN SILL
was a 125 lb.
6 ft. **WEAKLING**
LOOK at him **NOW.**
A **MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN**
from Head to Toe
as YOU
can be!
soon!

I GAINED
60 LBS. OF HANDSOME
HARD-HITTING
MUSCLES!

Which of these
2 ME'S is YOU ?
that 125 lb.—6 ft. ■
CHICKEN WEAKLING BELOW
CHESTED WAS ME
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more.
Just mail **NOW** the **FREE**
coupon below as I did.
Soon **YOU** can add
7 inches to your **CHEST**
3½ inches to **EACH**
ARM and the rest in
proportion as I did.

Come On, PAL
NOW YOU give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
in your own home
and I'll give **YOU**

A **NEW HE-MAN BODY** for
your **OLD SKELETON FRAME**
says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest
Builder of **HE-MEN**

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you
are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's
or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or
what work you do. All I want is **JUST 10**
EXCITING MINUTES in your home to **MAKE**
YOU OVER by the **SAME METHOD**
I turned myself from a wreck to
a Champion of Champions.

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 10c
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE



FREE



BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

2. MUSCLE METER

Dept. CH-79

Tell Me How To
Win \$100, etc.

"Jowett Course
greatest in
World for
Building
All-around
HE-MEN!"
— R. F. Kelley
Physical
Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
Dear George: Please mail to me **FREE** Jowett's Photo Book of
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 **HE-MAN** Building
Courses: 1 How to Build a Mighty Chest 2 How to Build a
Mighty Arm 3 How to Build a Mighty Leg—Now all in One
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN" ENCLOSED FIND 10c
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s)

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

YES! You'll see **INCH** upon **INCH** of **MIGHTY MUSCLE** added to **YOUR**
ARMS **YOUR CHEST** deepened. **YOUR BACK** and **SHOULDERS**
broadened. From head to heels, you'll become an **ALL-AROUND, ALL-**
AMERICAN HE-MAN WINNER—or my Training won't cost you one soli-
tary cent.

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

After a **LIFETIME STUDY** of every way known to develop your body I
have devised the **BEST** by **TEST**, my **"5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER"**
the only method that builds you **5-ways fast**. You save **YEARS, DOL-**
LARS like movie star **Tom Tyler** did. Like champ **John Sill** did. Like
MANY THOUSANDS like you did. **SO** Mail coupon **NOW!**

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES
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STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



THIS SEAL OF APPROVAL APPEARS ONLY ON COMIC MAGAZINES WHICH HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY REVIEWED, PRIOR TO PUBLICATION, BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY, AND FOUND TO HAVE MET THE HIGH STANDARDS OF MORALITY AND GOOD TASTE REQUIRED BY THE CODE. THE CODE AUTHORITY OPERATES APART FROM ANY INDIVIDUAL PUBLISHER AND EXERCISES INDEPENDENT JUDGMENT WITH RESPECT TO CODE-COMPLIANCE. A COMIC MAGAZINE BEARING ITS SEAL IS YOUR ASSURANCE OF GOOD READING AND PICTORIAL MATTER.

Pat Masulli Executive Editor

There ^{it is} Again



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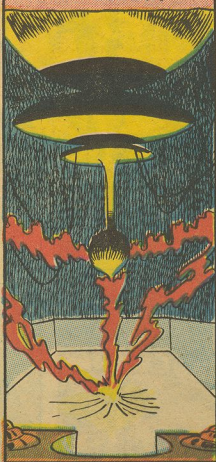
STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

IT HAD BEEN A LITTLE OVER A YEAR AGO THAT DOCTOR PIERCE HAD STOOD ON THE BRINK OF A MAGNIFICENT DISCOVERY...

TWENTY YEARS OF EXPERIMENTATION WITH ORGANIC MATTER. IN A FEW HOURS I SHALL KNOW SUCCESS OR FAILURE!



A MILLION VOLTS SHOT DOWN INTO THE PROTO-PLASMIC OOEZE...



ENORMOUS TEMPERATURES BROUGHT THE LIFE FORCE TO A BOIL...



ENOUGH! NOW I MUST WAIT FOR IT TO REACH BODY TEMPERATURE!



HOURS PASSED, THEN SLOWLY, SILENTLY...THERE WAS MOVEMENT...



THEN IT SAT UP AND STARED AT THE SCIENTIST...

IN HEAVEN'S NAME... IT REALLY LIVES! I'VE ENERGIZED ORGANIC MATTER!



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

SHOCKED, BEWILDERED, PIERCE COULD ONLY STARE BACK...

WHAT ARE YOU?
CAN YOU THINK? CAN
YOU FEEL?

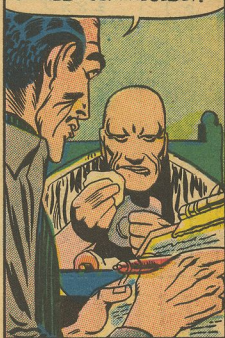


DAYS OF TESTING FOLLOWED...

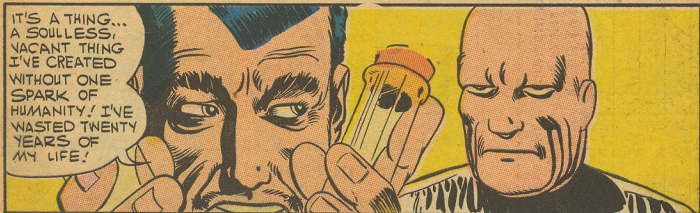
STRANGE...
NOT A SPARK OF INTEL-
LIGENCE--AND I'VE
WORKED SO HARD AT
THAT BRAIN TISSUE...NO
REACTION TO PAIN OR
TEMPERATURE!



THERE ARE ONLY TWO
THINGS I CAN RECORD--
IT EATS RAVENOUSLY AND
STARES CONTINUOUSLY!



IT'S A THING...
A SOULLESS,
VACANT THING
I'VE CREATED
WITHOUT ONE
SPARK OF
HUMANITY! I'VE
WASTED TWENTY
YEARS OF
MY LIFE!



HE WASN'T AFRAID OF IT,
BUT WAKENING AT NIGHT,
HE WAS REVOLTED BY ITS
DUMP BRITISHNESS...

I CAN'T EAT... CAN'T SLEEP
I FEEL ITS EYES ON ME
ALL THE TIME! IT DOESN'T
LEAVE ME ALONE FOR
A MINUTE!

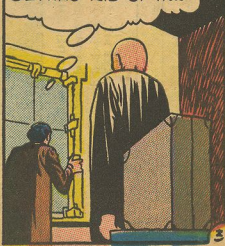


IT GOADS ME TO FURY!
I COULD KILL IT WITH
ONE BLOW OF THIS PAPER
WEIGHT... BUT HOW CAN
I DESTROY WHAT I
CREATED?



FINALLY, HE COULD STAND
IT NO LONGER...

ONE OF US MUST GO!
EITHER THIS CHEMICAL
ANOMALY OR I! THIS
WILL BE THE MOST
PAINLESS WAY OF
GETTING RID OF IT...





Draw Me

**YOU MAY WIN A \$375.00 SCHOLARSHIP
IN PROFESSIONAL ART**

PRIZE: A complete art course—free training for a career in advertising art, illustrating or cartooning—plus a professional drawing outfit and a series of valuable art textbooks.

THERE'S A BIG DEMAND FOR TRAINED ARTISTS. Try for this free art course! You're coached, individually, by artists on the staff of world's largest home study art school. Many of its graduates are now well-paid artists. Enter contest today!

DRAW THIS GIRL'S HEAD

5 inches high. Use pencil. Drawings for November 1957 contest must be received by November 30. None returned. Winner notified. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Mail your drawing today!

**USE 1 COUPON
THEN PASS THIS PAGE
ON TO A FRIEND**



1 ART INSTRUCTION, INC., STUDIO 9607
800 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota
Please enter my attached drawing in your contest.
(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____ AGE _____
Address _____ City _____
Zone _____ County _____ State _____
Occupation _____ Phone _____

2 ART INSTRUCTION, INC., STUDIO 9607
800 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota
Please enter my attached drawing in your contest.
(PLEASE PRINT)

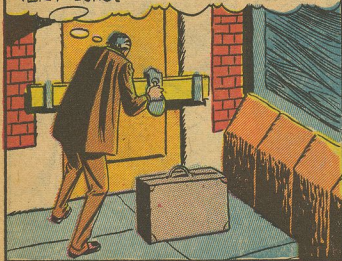
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500 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota
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(PLEASE PRINT)

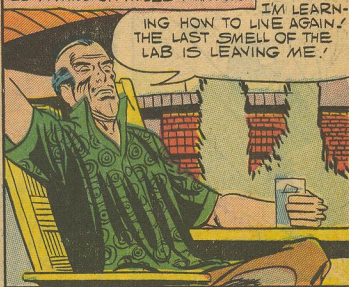
Name _____ AGE _____
Address _____ City _____
Zone _____ County _____ State _____
Occupation _____ Phone _____

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

THE LAB IS SEALED TIGHTER THAN A DRUM! SOON MY CREATION WILL RETURN TO ITS ORIGINAL PROTOPLASMIC FORM! WITH NO FOOD, IT WON'T LAST VERY LONG!



HE NEEDED THIS REST MORE THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD! THE LABORATORY SEEMED A MILLION MILES AWAY...



I'M LEARNING HOW TO LIVE AGAIN! THE LAST SMELL OF THE LAB IS LEAVING ME!

BUT SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

NO! IT CAN'T BE! HOW COULD IT ESCAPE AND FOLLOW ME HERE?



NEVER MIND WHERE I'M GOING! JUST CHECK ME OUT!



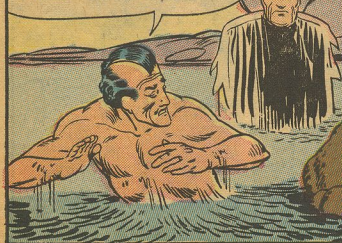
HIGH IN THE ADIRONDACKS, HE THOUGHT HE HAD FOUND REFUGE FROM THE SHATTERING ENCOUNTER...

NOW I'LL HAVE PEACE! THE THING JUST COULDN'T POSSIBLY FOLLOW ME HERE!



BUT HE WAS WRONG...SO VERY WRONG...

THE THING AGAIN! LIKE SOME UNEARTHLY WRAITH... IT KEEPS PURSUING ME! I MUST GET AWAY!



HE FLED -- BEWILDERED -- TORMENTED...

WHERE SHALL I GO NOW? IF I SEE THOSE EYES AGAIN, I'LL GO MAD!



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

I'LL PUT CONTINENTS BETWEEN US, THAT SHOULD PUT AN END TO THIS MADNESS.



YET ACROSS SOME AWFUL DIVIDE IT HAD COME, BRINGING SICK REVULSION TO HIS HEART...



THERE'S NO OTHER WAY OUT! I MUST DESTROY WHAT I CREATED!



HE THREW ALL HIS ENERGY INTO ONE FIERCE LUNGE, AND...

NOW... WHERE DID IT GO?

DOCTOR PIERCE!
DOCTOR PIERCE!



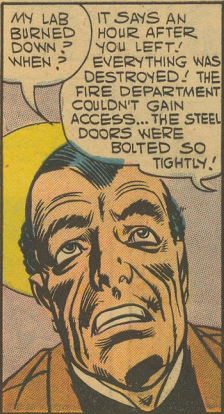
W...WHAT IS IT?
I'M DR. PIERCE!

THERE'S A CABLEGRAM FOR YOU, SIR! FROM THE FIRE DEPARTMENT IN YOUR HOME TOWN! THEY'VE BEEN TRYING TO REACH YOU FOR WEEKS.



MY LAB BURNED DOWN? WHEN?

IT SAYS AN HOUR AFTER YOU LEFT! EVERYTHING WAS DESTROYED! THE FIRE DEPARTMENT COULDN'T GAIN ACCESS... THE STEEL DOORS WERE BOLTED SO TIGHTLY!



THE THING WAS CONSUMED LONG AGO! ALL THIS WAS ILLUSION... FANTASY... A SHADOW FLUNG UP BY MY CONSCIENCE BECAUSE I HAD DARED TO TAMPER WITH THE UNKNOWN! NEVER AGAIN! NEVER AGAIN!



END

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES
MENACE OF THE

MIDNIGHT WORLD

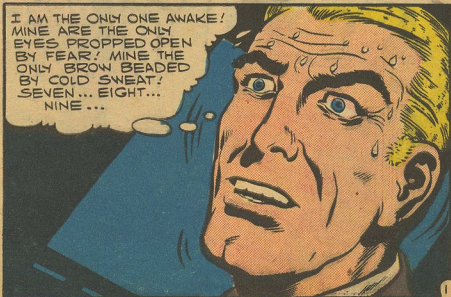
THE BLACK MOMENT OF MIDNIGHT IS ALMOST UPON US! ALREADY THE CLOCKS IN ALL THE VILLAGE SQUARES HAVE BEGUN TOLLING THE DREAD HOUR! THE DARK MOONLESS NIGHT THAT WAS SO STILL A MOMENT AGO, WRITHES NOW WITH THE SEPULCHRAL ECHOINGS OF NUMBERLESS CHIMES! ONE... TWO... THREE...



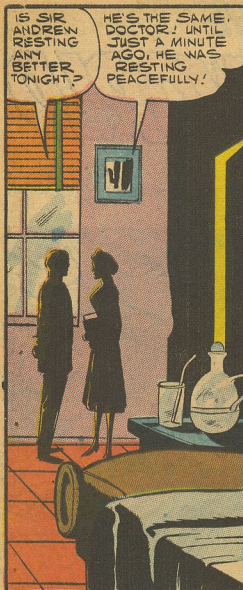
THE VILLAGERS SLEEP
PEACEFULLY, UNDISTURBED
BY THE HOLLOW CHIMES!
FOUR... FIVE... SIX...



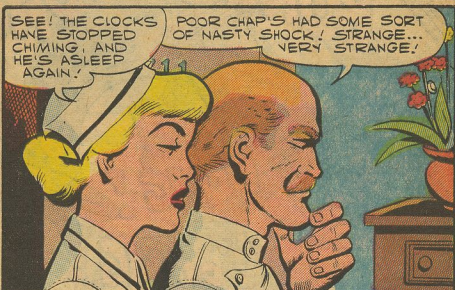
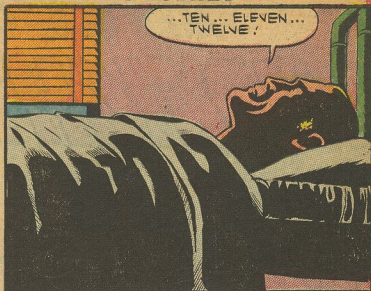
I AM THE ONLY ONE AWAKE!
MINE ARE THE ONLY
EYES PROPPED OPEN
BY FEAR! MINE THE
ONLY BROW BEADED
BY COLD SWEAT!
SEVEN... EIGHT...
NINE...



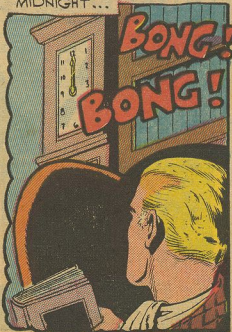
STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



BUT THEN THE CLOCK STARTED CHIMING MIDNIGHT, AND NOW HE'S AWAKE AND TREMBLING AND MUM-BLING TO HIMSELF...



...I SEE MYSELF SITTING ALONE IN MY STUDY AT KENDRICK MANOR! I SEE THE CLOCK ON THE WALL! I HEAR THE CHIMES AGAIN, AS THEY BEGIN TOLLING MIDNIGHT...



MIDNIGHT ALREADY! AND JENKINS HASN'T RETURNED FROM THE VILLAGE YET! NEVER KNEW THAT BUTLER OF MINE TO STAY OUT PAST MIDNIGHT BEFORE!



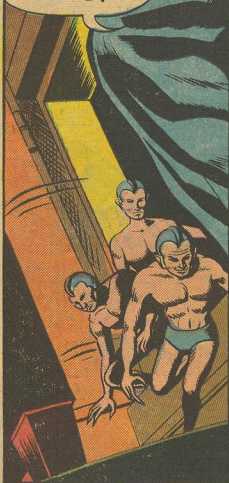
STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

THE TWELFTH CHIME HAD JUST STRUCK! THE LAST SOUND WAS STILL ECHOING, BUT EVER MORE FAINTLY, BUT BEFORE IT COULD DIE OUT, I HEARD A STRANGE PATTERING, AS IF OF TINY FEET...

GASP!



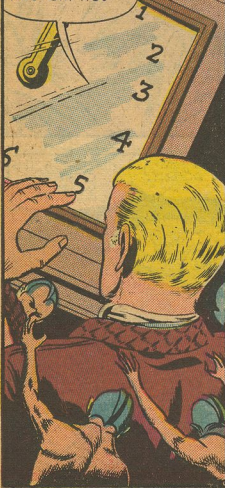
I SAY! WH-WHAT IS THIS?



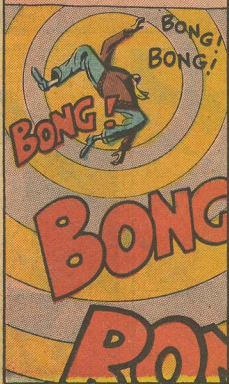
WH-WHERE ARE YOU DRAGGING ME OFF TO? NO!



NO! OH, NO!



BUT INSTEAD OF THE CRASHING IMPACT OF SPLINTERING GLASS, THERE WAS A STRANGE FEELING OF ENVELOPMENT BY THICK, WARM DARKNESS... A STRANGE FEELING OF 'PASSING OVER' INTO ANOTHER WORLD...



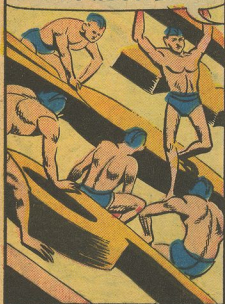
AND WHEN I NEXT OPENED MY EYES...

WH-WHERE AM I? WHO ARE YOU?



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

THIS IS THE MIDNIGHT WORLD! EXACTLY AS EVERY SQUARE INCH OF SPACE IS DENSELY POPULATED BY ORGANISMS SO TINY AS TO BE VISIBLE ONLY THROUGH THE LENS OF A MICROSCOPE...



...SO IS EVERY SEGMENT OF TIME POPULATED BY BEINGS THAT NOT EVEN A MICROSCOPE CAN SEE! AND SINCE TIME IS MEASURED BY CLOCKS, AND NO TWO CLOCKS MEASURE TIME EXACTLY THE SAME! THE TIME-WORLDS ARE FURTHER SEGMENTED... AND CAN EXIST ONLY AS LONG AS THEIR CLOCK EXISTS!

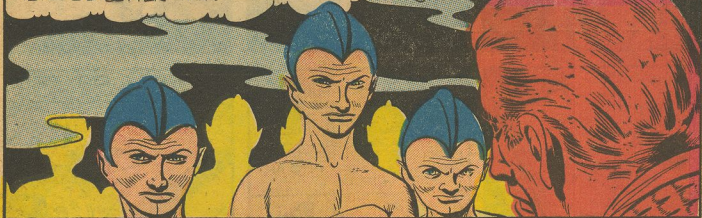


BUT HE IS OUR AGENT! WHY MUST YOU EXPLAIN SUCH SIMPLE FACTS TO HIM?

THE SHOCK OF 'PASSING OVER' DIMS HIS MEMORY! HE MUST BE REORIENTED BEFORE HE CAN MAKE HIS REPORT!



THEIR AGENT? I'M NO BLOODY AGENT OF ANYONE'S! BUT I'D BETTER NOT SPEAK YET... I'D BETTER WAIT!



WELL, MAKE YOUR REPORT! IF OUR INVASION PLANS ARE TO BE COMPLETED... IF WE ARE TO CONQUER THE WORLD WHERE YOU DO YOUR SPYING... WE MUST HEAR YOUR REPORT!

MASTER, LOOK!



HE WEARS NO RING ON HIS FINGER!

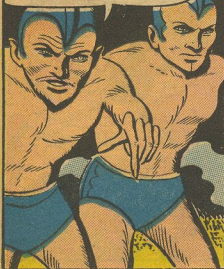
HE IS NOT OUR AGENT!

HE IS OF THE OTHER WORLD!

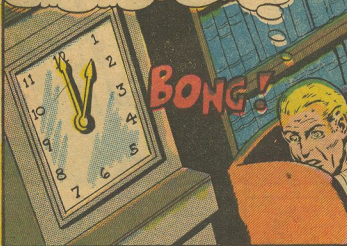


STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

QUICK, SEIZE HIM! THERE IS SO LITTLE TIME! IF WE DO NOT DESTROY HIM BEFORE THE HOUR OF MIDNIGHT PASSES, HE SHALL ESCAPE!



WH-WHAT WAS THAT NOISE? OH, I SEE! THE CLOCK HAS STRUCK ONE! I MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP IN MY CHAIR! I MUST'VE BEEN DREAMING!

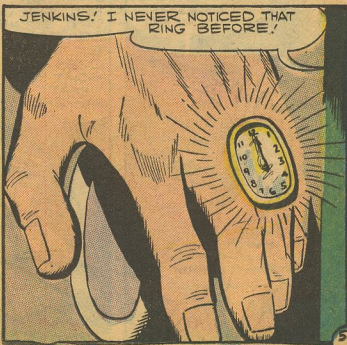


I SAY! WHO'S THAT?

IT'S JENKINS, SIR! THE BUS BROKE DOWN! I HAD TO WALK FROM THE VILLAGE!



YOU GAVE ME QUITE A START, JENKINS, I MUST SAY!



JENKINS! I NEVER NOTICED THAT RING BEFORE!

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

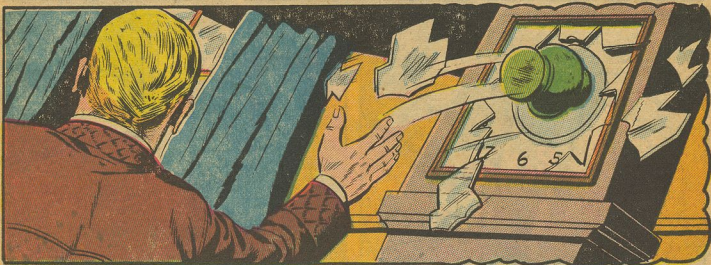
TOO BAD YOU NOTICED IT NOW, SIR! I CAN SURMISE WHAT HAPPENED! YOU WERE SITTING HERE INSTEAD OF ME! MY SPYMASTER DREW YOU INTO THE MIDNIGHT WORLD IN ERROR! AND YOU ESCAPED BEFORE YOU COULD BE DEALT WITH!



BUT YOU SHALL NOT ESCAPE NOW!



TIME-WORLDS FURTHER SEGMENTED... CAN EXIST ONLY AS LONG AS THEIR CLOCK EXISTS...



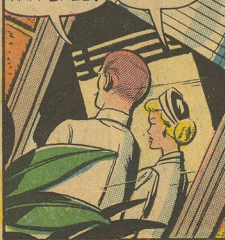
HOW IS HE NOW, DOCTOR?

HE KEPT MUMBING FOR A WHILE... BUT NOW HE'S FAST ASLEEP!



POOR CHAP! HE'S BEEN THIS WAY EVER SINCE HE WAS FOUND LYING IN HIS STUDY NEXT TO THE CLOCK! HE'LL SNAP OUT OF IT SOONER OR LATER, BUT TILL HE DOES, WE WON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!

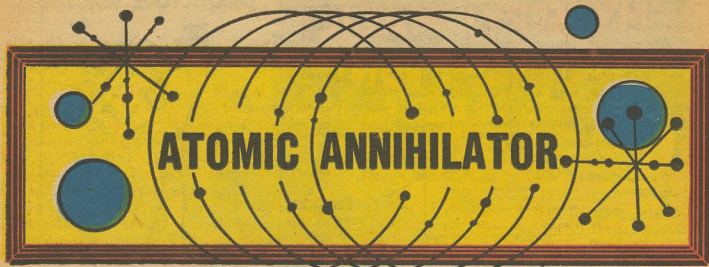
IF ONLY HIS BUTLER WERE AROUND TO TELL US!



THAT'S A BIG 'IF', NURSE! JENKINS WAS LAST SEEN WALKING FROM THE VILLAGE THAT VERY NIGHT! BUT NO ONE CAN FIND HIM NOW! HE SEEMS TO HAVE VANISHED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!



END



Folks in the area called it "Hiltop." But now the entire area for a distance of one square mile had been cleared of both human and animal population. Dr. John Pierce, head of the Atomic Council, held a weapon in his hand. It resembled an autoloading revolver. It had an additional stock so the weapon could be balanced with two hands. The sights on the weapon were of the type used on .35mm cameras. As soon as the two images of the mountain nearby became one, he pressed the trigger. That was exactly at three forty-seven. He and a group of selected scientists were standing a distance of three hundred yards from the objective.

"This will make history," observed Jeff Crawford of the National Press Service. "It will change the entire nature of warfare. Soldiers will soon be armed with these A-guns."

At three fifty-two on the same afternoon, that small mountain just vanished. There was a shallow hole where it once stood. No lifting cloud, no reflecting of rays, and no noise. It had simply been disintegrated.

"I think this calls for a celebration," suggested Professor Louis Winston. "The Pierce Atomic Gun has been perfected."

"Why should it be called the Pierce Atomic Gun," bitterly protested the voice of Dr. Ernest Kron. "We all worked on it. I was the one who suggested that a new way to trap atomic power could be found. Instead of fission reaction or thermonuclear reaction, it was my brain that conceived 'catalyzed nuclear reaction.' Without me that gun could never have been finished."

"I think Dr. Kron is suffering from a combination of overwork and a lot of jealousy," whispered one of the scientists to his friend. "A small man always magnifies his contribution way out of proportion. Between the two of us, the work he did on the gun could just as well have been done by one of our new cal-

culators."

The group went to waiting cars which took them to Bellow's Inn. They were going to celebrate with a private party. For eighteen consecutive months the group had worked tirelessly on the project.

"When will this prototype be turned over to the government arsenal for mass production?" asked Jeff Crawford.

"That's not an easy question to answer," replied Dr. John Pierce. "We should spend some more time on an important unanswered question: if the user of the gun continues to fire it over a short period of time, will there be a harmful reaction upon him? That means we may have to devise some kind of protective suit for a soldier. Definitely, one, two, or three shots from the gun would have no harmful effects. But more? This we do not know."

The food was good and suddenly Professor Louis Winston made an observation. One member of the party was missing.

"Just like Dr. Kron," he commented. "Always a sore loser. Always the spoiled brat. I think he never grew up to emotional maturity. He must have gone home."

On the table was a special box. In this box was kept the A-gun and an extra clip of fifty bullets.

"Let me take another peep at that gun," replied the reporter. "It will be something to tell my kids when I get home. Bet that within a year after it appears publicly, the toy manufacturers will flood the market with a toy like it for kids."

Dr. John Pierce released the holding catch on the cover of the box and lifted the cover. Jeff Crawford looked inside at the empty box and made a simple comment.

"The gun's missing."

There was no shouting, uproar, or hysteria. Yet every person present seemed instinctively to know who had stolen the gun and the extra

clip of bullets. Then Jeff Crawford spoke. Quietly but to the point.

"Armed with that weapon, Dr. Kron could dictate that a whole city pay ransom or meet other demands. He could even pull off a nuclear holdup, and kill thousands that stood in his way. He can take revenge on all of you. You can't shoot him or gas him, because that gun might get out of control. If I am not mistaken, it can also be shot as an automatic weapon. Imagine what fifty of those bullets could do?"

When the authorities were first notified, many of them thought it was the work of a prankster. Then Mayor Henry McCullagh, of one of the nation's largest cities, received a phone call.

"This is Dr. Kron calling. Clear all traffic off the West River Bridge. I am going to use my A-gun on it and show you how powerful I am. Then after you are convinced, you will follow my orders."

The mayor could not take chances. All traffic was cleared and the bridge seemed lifeless. Then it happened! Somewhere, Dr. Kron was standing. Perhaps on the right bank of the river or on the left bank. Or in a parked car. The bridge vanished in three sections.

"Must have used three bullets," figured Dr. John Pierce. He and the reporter had immediately flown by special plane to the scene.

An hour later a watershed guard was looking at the high dam that held in check the water used for drinking and cleaning purposes. Something appeared blurred. He put his hand in front of his eyes and looked clearly at the dam. It was gone! The entire stone wall and the water behind it had vanished. He felt sick.

"What's happening to me? Am I seeing things?"

But when a police car stopped on the road, he knew it was no optical illusion.

"It's that Dr. Kron," explained the officer. "Said he would also make something else important vanish. This surely will cripple the city. They will have to get emergency water supplies from wells and other communities."

Leading national, state, and city officials were called into an emergency meeting. Professor Louis Winston was also present.

"He will shift his demands. Probably want control of the entire country. We figure he used up about three or four more bullets. What will he do next?"

The phone call was for Dr. John Pierce. Dr. Kron was on the other end. He felt he was the master now.

"The country keeps its gold reserves in Fort Knox and in other places. I can make them all vanish. I am going to be dictator of the country. That's what I want. To be the Big Boss! I'll show the world that they must respect and

fear me. I will meet all of you. Wait for another call."

The demands were presented at the emergency meeting. General James J. Harrington spoke.

"One man can't terrorize a country. This is sheer nonsense. We have an army, navy, and air force. We have a store of atomic weapons."

"But what would happen if he shot his bullets at that store?" demanded Dr. John Pierce. "Go ahead, you tell me the results?"

Cold beads of perspiration trickled down the face of the General. He had seen the horrors of modern warfare. He could well visualize the terrible destruction that might be created.

"My duty and devotion is to my country," he said. "This much I can say. If I meet him person to person, he will never leave with that weapon. Regardless of what may happen to me, I'll get that gun from him."

Another phone message came. Dr. Kron would meet the group. They would formally transfer power to him.

"I shall level an area of about ten blocks. So you can't try any tricks on me."

This he did, and he drove up in his car and went up to the designated meeting place. No attempt was made, nor could be made, to stop him. When he entered the room, those who knew him, were startled at his changed appearance. His face and hands were completely white. He walked slowly and spoke softly.

"You turn over the country to me now," he said.

"Never," replied General James J. Harrington. "You are a coward. I realize you were afraid from the start. Afraid of people. You only used that gun on inanimate objects. I am going to take it away from you, or you can give it to me. I'll stand in front of you for five minutes. You haven't the nerve to shoot me."

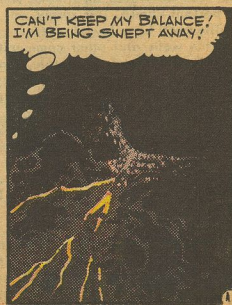
They stood quietly and motionlessly for five minutes. It seemed an eternity to those who watched. Then the general reached out for the gun. They saw him unable to take it from Dr. Kron.

"He's rigid," shouted Dr. John Pierce. "Something has happened to him."

They removed the clip with the remaining cartridges from the gun. Dr. Kron had turned to stone. There had been an atomic reaction upon his entire body.

"Maybe someday we can figure out what to do," sighed Dr. John Pierce. "But for the time being he can remain as a monument to what greed, hate, and stupidity can do to a person. What a terrible price to pay. At least we now know what protective measures must be taken by our soldiers who will use this gun in the future."

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

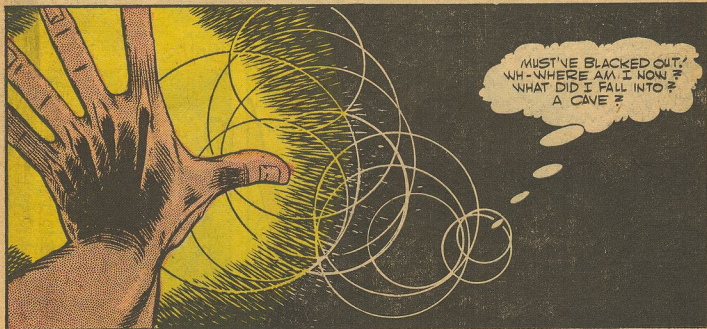
IT'S A STORM, AND IT'S TOO STRONG FOR ME. I CAME TOO FAR, CAN'T FIGHT IT.



SO WEAK NOW... (GASP) CAN HARDLY MOVE MY ARMS.



WHAT'S THAT COMING FOR ME? NO, NO!



GETTING USED TO THE DARK, CAN SEE A LITTLE BETTER... OH, NO!



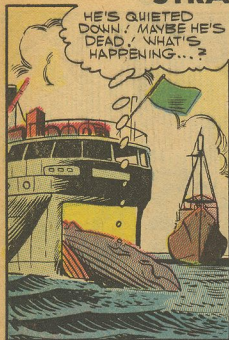
I WAS SWALLOWED ALIVE BY A WHALE! HERE I WAS LOOKING TO BE FREE... AND I (SOB) WIND UP PEN-NED INSIDE A WHALE'S STOMACH!



UH-OH -- THE WHALE WAS JUST HIT BY SOMETHING-- NOW IT'S THRASHING AROUND LIKE CRAZY.



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

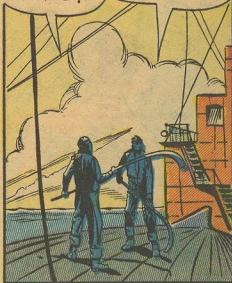


I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED! HE WAS CAUGHT! THEY'LL BE HACKING AWAY AT HIS BLUBBER SOON! AND I'VE COME SUCH A LONG WAY... THEY WON'T KNOW WHO I AM! I'LL BE A HERO TO THEM FOR COMING THROUGH ALIVE! I'LL BE FREE!



YOU JUST HEAR A STRANGE NOISE?

YEAH -- SEEMED TO COME FROM THE STOMACH!



THEY HEARD ME! THEY'RE TAKING THEIR TIME... THEY'RE BEING REAL CAREFUL! ANY SECOND NOW... I'LL BE FREE!

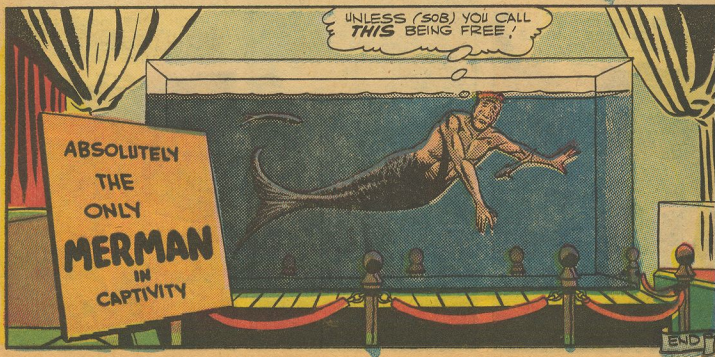
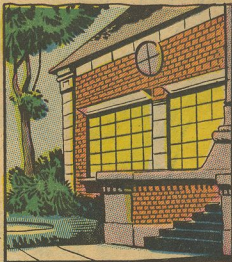


WILL YOU TAKE A LOOK AT THAT!

HE'S MAKING SOUNDS... ALMOST LIKE HE WAS TRYING TO TALK TO US!



DID I SAY I'D BE FREE ONCE I GOT OUT OF THE WHALE? WALK INSIDE THAT BUILDING, AND YOU'LL SEE HOW WRONG I WAS...



END

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

ON A BRISK SATURDAY IN NEW YORK IN THE YEAR 2136 A.D. ...

PANIC !!

THE NEWS HAS SPREAD!
THE PEOPLE ARE STARTING
TO PANIC ALREADY!

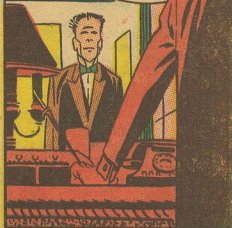
WHAT DID YOU EX-
PECT? THEY ARE
SPINELESS AND
CORRUPT, WITHOUT
DISCIPLINE! DID YOU
NOT EXPECT THE
PLAGUE TO UNNERVE
THEM?



52418

INSIDE THE CONSULATE OF
TOROVIA ON PARK AVE. ...

YOU ARE RIGHT, IN TOROVIA,
SIR! AFTER THEY WOULD
ALL BE AR-
RESTED FOR
ARE NOT SUCH A
TOROVIANS! SHOW OF
WEAK-
NESS.



THEY SNEER AT US! BUT
OUR WAY IS THE RIGHT
WAY! NO FRIVOLOUS EN-
TERTAINMENT INDUSTRIES...
NO USELESS COSMETICS
FOR WOMEN! EVERY
TOROVIAN CITIZEN LEADS
A SPARTAN LIFE DEDIC-
ATED SOLELY TO
THE STATE!

THE FACT THAT WE HAVE CONQUERED SO
MANY NATIONS IN THE SHORT SPAN
OF OUR EXISTENCE, SIR,
PROVES WE ARE RIGHT!



Steve
Ditko



100 TOY SOLDIERS

MADE OF DURABLE PLASTIC,
EACH ON ITS OWN BASE, MEASURING UP TO 4½"!

\$1.25



EACH FOOTLOCKER CONTAINS:

- | | | |
|---------------|------------------|--------------|
| 4 Tanks | 8 Machinegunners | 4 Bombers |
| 4 Jeeps | 8 Sharpshooters | 4 Trucks |
| 4 Battleships | 4 Infantrymen | 8 Jet Planes |
| 4 Cruisers | 8 Officers | 8 Cannon |
| 4 Sailors | 8 Waves | 4 Bazookamen |
| 4 Riflemen | 8 Wacs | 4 Marksmen |

JOSELY CO., Dept. TCH-15

1472 Broadway
New York 36, N. Y.

HERE'S MY \$1.25!

Rush the TOY SOLDIERS TO ME!

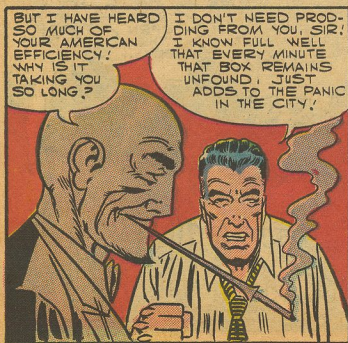
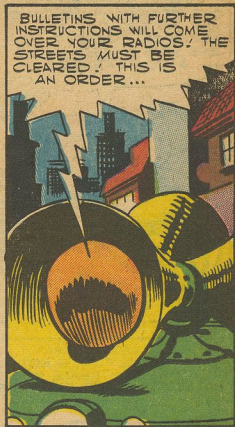
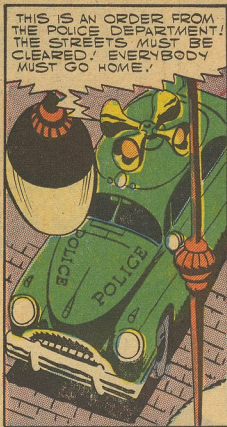
Name

Address

City State

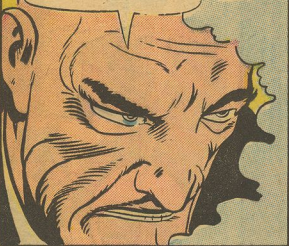
Canada and foreign orders send \$1.50 postal money order.

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

I HAVE TOLD YOU! OLGA MARYVANSK, OUR FOREMOST WOMAN SCIENTIST, IS ENGAGED IN A RESEARCH PROJECT ON THE PLAGUE! SHE WAS INVITED HERE TO A CONFERENCE!

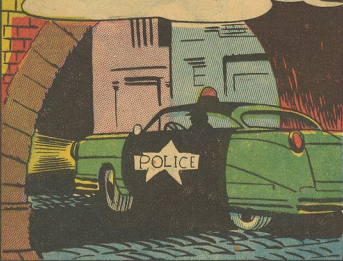


WHEREVER SHE GOES, HER WORK GOES TOO! TOROVIAN WOMEN ARE NOT FRIVOLOUS! THEY DO NOT SPEND HOURS DAUBING THEMSELVES WITH COSMETICS...

I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR WOMEN! BUT WHY WASN'T THAT BOX BETTER GUARDED?



YOU DARE ASK ME THAT? HMPF! WHY IS YOUR POLICE FORCE NOT MORE EFFICIENT? ONLY HERE WOULD A THIEF BE BOLD ENOUGH TO BREAK INTO A FOREIGN CONSULATE!

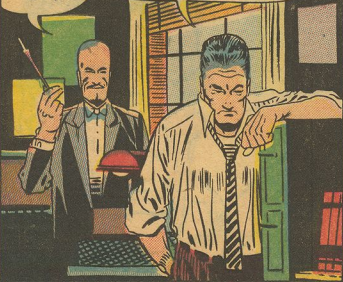


THIS TIME, UNFORTUNATELY, INSTEAD OF STEALING SOME COLLECTION OF STUPID JEWELS THAT YOUR FRIVOLOUS WOMEN INSIST ON ADORNING THEMSELVES WITH, HE STOLE A BOX OF PLAGUE GERMS! AND UNLESS YOU PREVENT HIM FROM OPENING THAT BOX, YOUR CITY IS DOOMED!



HAVE YOU CONTACTED THE THIEF YET?

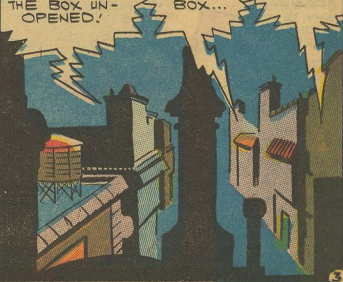
NOT YET! WE'RE TRYING EVERYTHING... BUT NO LUCK YET!



YOU WILL NOT BE PROSECUTED! WHOEVER YOU ARE, RETURN THE BOX UNOPENED!

DO NOT OPEN THE BOX...

YOU WILL NOT BE PROSECUTED...

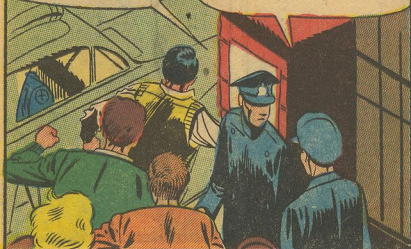


STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

THE NEXT DAY, OUTSIDE BELLEVUE HOSPITAL...

DON'T TELL ME THE
PLAGUE'S SPREAD-
ING ALREADY?

NO! ONE OF THE DOCS
TOLD ME... THESE
PEOPLE HAVE
HYSTERICAL SYMPTOMS!



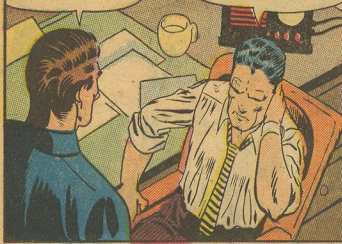
BUT IF THAT BOX ISN'T
TURNED IN SOON, THIS
CITY WILL BE IN WORSE
SHAPE THAN IF THE
PLAGUE HAD HIT IT!

YEAH...
I SEE
WHAT
YOU
MEAN!



SIR, WHY DON'T YOU GO
HOME AND GET SOME
REST? YOU'VE BEEN
HERE FOR THREE
DAYS AND TWO
NIGHTS NOW!

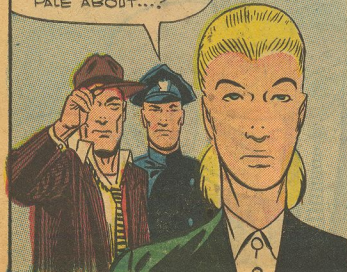
GUESS I
BETTER... I'M
NOT MUCH
GOOD FOR ANY-
THING... IN THE
SHAPE I'M IN!



GOOD MORNING, COMMISSIONER, YOU
DO NOT FEEL WELL? COULDN'T
POSSIBLY BE A TOUCH
OF THE PLAGUE,
COULD IT?



COOL CUSTOMER, ISN'T HE, SIR? BUT
DID YOU SEE THAT DAME HE HAD
WITH HIM? I WONDER
WHAT'S SHE SO
PALE ABOUT...?



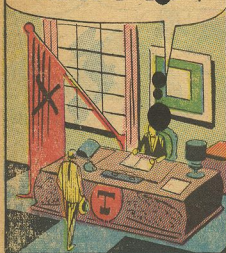
SHE'S ALL RIGHT!
IT'S JUST THAT
THEIR WOMEN
NEVER USE
MAKE-UP!
HMM... SOME-
THING JUST
HIT ME...
THAT FIRST
THING YOU
SAID!



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

AN HOUR LATER, IN THE TOROVIAN CONSULATE...

HOW NICE OF YOU TO CALL, COMMISSIONER! YOU HAVE SOME NEWS...?



AFTER THE COMMISSIONER SPEAKS...

WHAT?

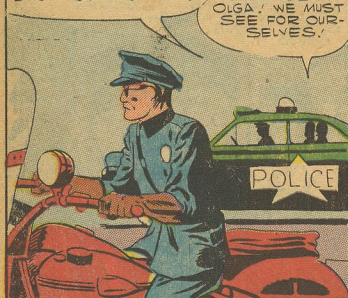


CALL OLGA MARYVANSK DOWN HERE AT ONCE! SHE MUST ACCOMPANY ME TO THE MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL!



BUT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE, SIR! YOU KNOW WHY!

WE CAN TAKE NO CHANCES, OLGA! WE MUST SEE FOR OURSELVES!



RIGHT IN HERE, SIR! BUT FIRST PUT THESE ON!

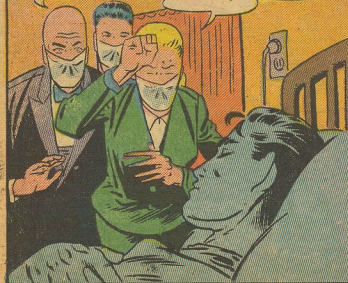
MASKS?

IT IS BETTER SO! IF THIS MAN REALLY HAS THE PLAGUE, IT WOULD BE SUICIDAL TO ENTER THE ROOM WITHOUT MASKS!

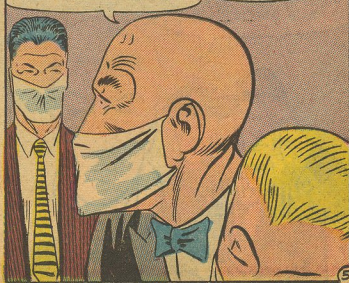


WELL, OLGA? D-D-OES HE HAVE IT?

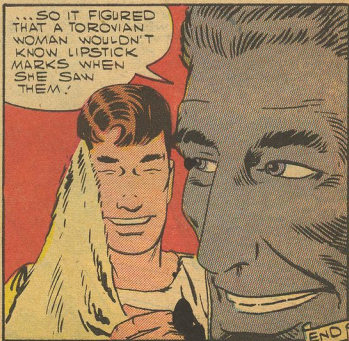
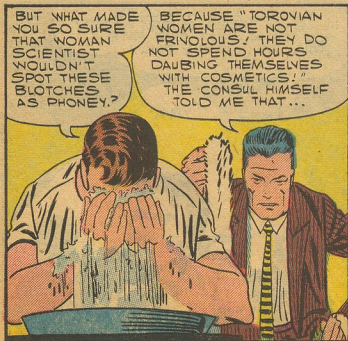
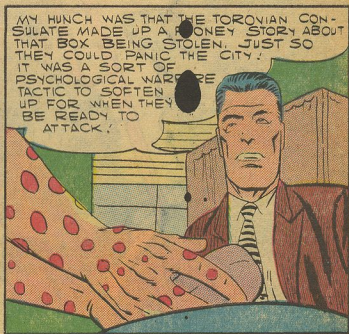
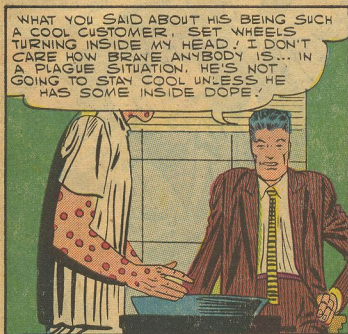
THOSE RED BLOTCHES... THOSE ARE THE SYMPTOMS! I-I FEEL FAINT!



CALL MY CONSULATE AT ONCE! EVERYBODY IS TO PACK HIS BELONGINGS! THIS IS A REAL CASE OF THE PLAGUE HERE!



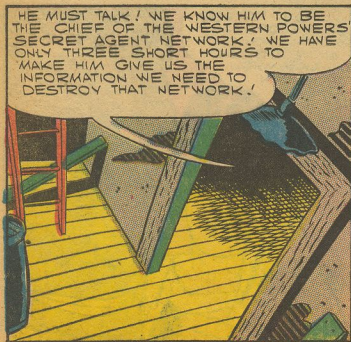
STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

THIS DEEP BASEMENT IN EAST BERLIN IS ENSHROUDED BY MORE THAN SHADOWS TONIGHT. FEAR STAINS THE AIR HERE... FEAR GRIPS THE INTERROGATORS AS THEY FEVERISHLY TRY TO CRACK THEIR CAPTIVE! FOR THEY ARE WORKING AGAINST TIME! THEY HAVE ONLY....

THREE SHORT HOURS



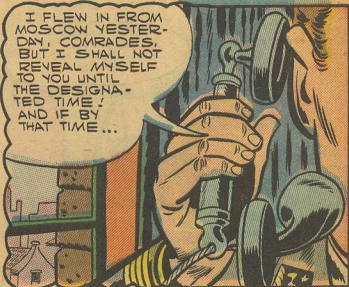
STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

THEY KNOW... AND THEY SHUDDER! FOR COLONEL PETROV HAS ANNOUNCED THE PRECISE MOMENT WHEN HE SHALL MAKE HIMSELF KNOWN TO THEM...

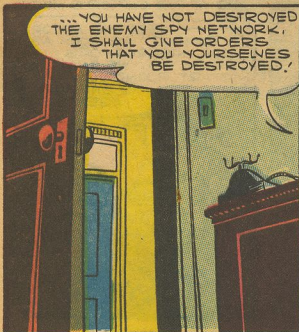


THEY SHUDDER, AS THEY REMEMBER THAT COLD, METALLIC VOICE RASping OVER THE TELEPHONE ...

I FLEW IN FROM MOSCOW YESTER-DAY, COMRADES, BUT I SHALL NOT REVEAL MYSELF TO YOU UNTIL THE DESIGNA-TED TIME! AND IF BY THAT TIME...



...YOU HAVE NOT DESTROYED THE ENEMY SPY NETWORK, I SHALL GIVE ORDERS THAT YOU YOURSELVES BE DESTROYED.



COLONEL PETROV... THE HATCHET MAN FROM MOSCOW! HIS ORDERS WERE TO BE CARRIED OUT... OR ELSE! AND SO IT WAS THAT THE EAST BERLIN COUNTER ESPIONAGE AGENCY ACCELERATED THEIR EFFORTS TO DESTROY THE ENEMY NETWORK...



LUCK PLAYED INTO THEIR HANDS! AN IN-FORMER STEERED THEM ONTO THE TRAIL OF THE ENEMY CHIEF HIMSELF!



WE KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE! EITHER YOU COME OUT OR WE'LL OPEN FIRE!

THEN THE GREATEST STROKE OF LUCK OF ALL! THEY HAD NEVER HOPED TO TAKE HIM ALONE! BUT THE DOOR SWUNG SLOWLY OPEN AND...

HERE I AM!

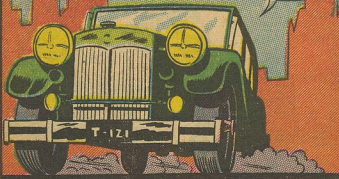


STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

THE DRIVE TO THEIR INTERROGATION-BASEMENT WAS AS JOYOUS AS IT WAS SPEEDY...

HE'LL TELL US ALL WE HAVE TO KNOW!

THE ENEMY NETWORK SHALL BE DESTROYED BEFORE COLONEL PETROV MAKES HIMSELF KNOWN TO US!



THE INTERROGATION STARTED! QUESTION AFTER QUESTION... OVER AND OVER AGAIN...

HOW MANY?

WHO ARE YOUR AGENTS?

WHERE ARE THEY?



MEANWHILE, ALL OVER EAST BERLIN...

OUR CHIEF HAS BEEN CAPTURED!

HE'LL CRACK! NOT EVEN HE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO WITHSTAND THEIR QUESTIONS!



AND AT THE CAPTOR'S MOTOR POOL...

KEEP THE MOTORS RUNNING! AS SOON AS OUR INTERROGATORS CRACK HIM, WE SHALL START ROUNDING UP THE ENEMY AGENTS!



BUT NOW, WITH ONLY THREE SHORT HOURS LEFT UNTIL THE TIME WHEN COLONEL PETROV IS SCHEDULED TO MAKE HIS APPEARANCE, THE PRISONER STILL HAS NOT CRACKED...

HE IS MADE OF IRON!

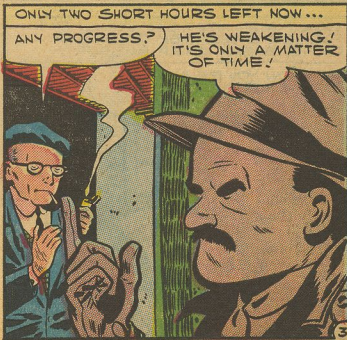
EVEN IRON CAN BE BROKEN! WE MUST KEEP TRYING!



ONLY TWO SHORT HOURS LEFT NOW...

ANY PROGRESS?

HE'S WEAKENING! IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME!



**EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO
ENJOY STAMP COLLECTING**

**Yours
for only**

25¢

Yes! All yours for only 25¢
LARGE ALBUM and STAMP
COLLECTION plus 250 Hinges and
Midget Encyclopedia of Stamps



Here is your chance to start enjoying the most fascinating hobby in the world - or add new life to your collection - all for only 25¢!

You get a Large Illustrated Stamp Album - containing 2196 illustrations... spaces for 2911 stamps from 253 different countries... a map of the world.

You also get a Stamp Collection of 107 all-different stamps from all over the world - Monaco;

ZENITH CO., Dept. NM-3, 81 Willoughby St., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

Australia; San Marino; Somalia; French Antarctica; Siberia; etc.

You also get 250 Hinges and the famous Midget Encyclopedia of Stamps - containing Stamp Identifier, Dictionary, etc.

Remember - all these items are yours for only 25¢ - so mail coupon now. We make this offer to introduce you to our Bargain Approvals, which we'll include for free examination. If coupon is clipped, send 25¢ direct to:

**ZENITH COMPANY, Dept. NM-3
81 Willoughby Street, Brooklyn 1, N. Y.**

Rush me entire Stamp Collecting Outfit - Album, 107 Stamps, 250 Hinges, Midget Encyclopedia! I enclose 25¢ in full payment. Also include Bargain Approvals for Free Examination.

NAME _____

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CITY _____

ZONE _____ STATE _____

10 CHILDREN'S DRESSES

**ALL
FOR ONLY**

3 45
used

Tremendous assortment! Good condition, ready to wear. Washable, colorful cottons! Price includes all 10 dresses!

SPECIAL

10 Children's Dresses
at this low LOW price!

Sizes 1-6X **\$3.45**

Sizes 7-14 **\$3.95**

FREE GIFT WITH EVERY ORDER!

RUSH ORDER NOW! Send \$1 deposit now! Pay postman balance plus C.O.D. and postage.

\$1 DEPOSIT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER!

No order accepted without \$1 deposit.

FIT-RITE MAIL ORDER HOUSE

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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

NO ORDER ACCEPTED WITHOUT \$1 DEPOSIT.

Age Size Price

**MONEY
BACK
GUARANTEE**

You must be 100% satisfied with merchandise or return within 30 days for refund. BUY from us for LOWEST PRICES and HIGHEST QUALITY.

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES





New, LIVE

Friends! Here's How To Get NO COST MINIATURE MONKEY

This cute, little, Miniature Monkey needs a home and you can have one without you paying a penny. This new miniature monkey is so small you can carry it in your pocket or hold it in one hand yet it is healthy, and long lived so intelligent it's almost human eats ordinary foods like bread, milk, fruit, etc. Clean, and easily trained. Simply hand out only 20 get-acquainted coupons to friends and relatives to help us get that many new customers as per our premium letter. This Miniature Monkey is such wonderful company that I'm sure you'll simply love one yourself.

Please send me your favorite snapshot, photo or Kodak picture when writing for your tiny, MINIATURE MONKEY. We will make you a beautiful 5x7-inch enlargement in a handsome "Movietone" frame SO YOU CAN TELL YOUR FRIENDS about our bargain hand-colored enlargements when handing out the get-acquainted coupons. Just mail me your favorite snapshot, print or negative NOW and pay the postman only 19c and a few cents for our c.o.d. plus postage when your treasured enlargement arrives and I'll include the "Movietone" frame at no extra cost. Your original returned with your enlargement and frame. Also include the COLOR OF HAIR AND EYES with your picture so I can also give you our bargain offer on a second enlargement artfully hand colored in oils for natural beauty, sparkle and life, like we have done for thousands of others. Our supply of these adorable little monkeys is extremely limited so don't delay in sending me your name, address and favorite snapshot or photo and get your 20 get-acquainted coupons to hand out. Mrs. Ruth Long, Gift Manager.



Will You Give Me A Home?

SUPPLY LIMITED
SEND TODAY!

DEAN STUDIOS,

Dept. M-12, Mulberry and 7th St., Des Moines 2, Iowa

UP TO A \$10 PORTRAIT STUDIO VALUE ONLY \$1

Any Photo Copied

Double-Weight, Silk Finish, Portrait Paper. Each (2 1/2 x 3 1/2 inch size) PHOTO is beautifully DECKLE EDGED

25 BILLFOLD \$1
PHOTOS

Sent on Approval
(Send No Money)

'50 for only \$2

JUST to get acquainted we will make you these NEW artistic BILLFOLD PHOTOGRAPHS that are the rage for exchanging with school mates, as gifts and enclosures with greeting cards or correspondence. SEND NO MONEY, just enclose your favorite snapshot or any size photo for 25 or 50 BILLFOLD.

MOVYLAND STUDIOS, Dept. 226, Mulberry and 7th St., Des Moines 2, Iowa

FOLD (WALLET) SIZE PHOTOS (one pose) suitable for framing and keepsakes. Used by thousands of students, teachers, job seekers, parents, movie stars and others. Original returned with your order. Pay postman on arrival plus a few cents for our C.O.D. and postage or enclose the money and we prepare. 3-day service. Portrait studio quality and satisfaction guaranteed. Send today

I'm said to be the Lovable, NEW

World's Tiniest DOG NO COST

Please
GIVE ME
A HOME

NOW
YOURS
At
Almost



I'll be happy to send you without you paying a penny, this lovable, amazing miniature DOG that is so tiny you can carry it in your pocket or hold it in one hand, yet it barks and is a reliable watch dog as well as a pet. You can keep it in a shoe box and enjoy many amusing hours teaching it tricks. . . active, healthy, intelligent and clean.

Simply hand out only 20 get-acquainted coupons to hand to friends and relatives, to help us get that many new customers as per our premium letter. I enjoy my own tiny, lively, miniature dog so much. It is such wonderful company that I'm sure you'll simply love one yourself.

Please send me your favorite snapshot, photo or Kodak picture when

writing for your Miniature Dog. We will make you a beautiful 5x7 inch enlargement in a handsome "Movietone" frame SO YOU CAN TELL YOUR FRIENDS about our bargain hand-colored enlargements when handing out the get-acquainted coupons. Just mail me your favorite snapshot, print or negative NOW and pay the postman only 19c and a few cents for our c.o.d. plus postage when your treasured enlargement arrives and I'll include the "Movietone" frame at no extra cost. Your original returned with your enlargement and frame. Also include the COLOR OF HAIR AND EYES with your picture, so I can also give you our bargain offer on a second enlargement artfully hand-colored in oils for natural beauty, sparkle and life, like we have done for thousands of others. I'm so anxious to send you a miniature dog that I hope you will send me your name, address and favorite snapshot, right away and get your get-acquainted coupons to hand out. Mrs. Ruth Long, Gift Manager.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. X-536, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines 2, Iowa

Mrs. Ruth Long (Gift Manager)

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. X-536,

211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

I would like to receive the miniature dog. Please send me premium letter and 20 coupons to hand out. Enclosed please find my snapshot or negative for enlarging.

Color Eyes..... Color Hair.....

Name.....

Address.....

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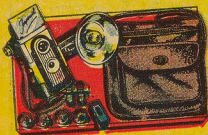


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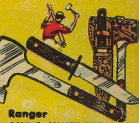
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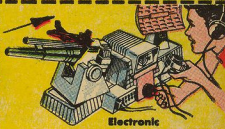
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